I am determined to prooue a villaine,
And hate the idle pleaſures of theſe daies:
Plots haue I laid, inductious dangerous,
By drunken Propheſies, libels and dreames,
To ſet my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate the one againſt the other.
And if King Edward be as true and iuſt,
As I am ſubtile, falſe, and trecherous:
This day ſhould Clarence cloſely be mewed vp,
About a Prophecy, which ſaies that G.
Of Edwards heires the murtherers ſhall be.
Diue thoughts downe to my ſoule, *Enter Clarence with a gard of men.*
Heere Clarence comes,
Brother, good dayes, what meanes this armed gard,
That waites vpon your grace? (pointed
Cla. His Maieſtie tendering my perſons ſafety hath ap-
This conduct to conuey me to the tower.
Glo. Vpon what cauſe?
Cla. Becauſe my name is George.
Glo. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He ſhou'd for that commit your Godfathers:
O belike his maieſtie hath ſome intent
That you ſhall be new chriſtned in the tower.
But what's the matter Clarence may I know?
Cla. Yea Richard when I know; for I proteſt
As yet I do not, but as I can learne,
He harkens after prophecies and dreames,
And from the croſſe-rowe pluckes the letter G.
And ſaies a wizard told him that by G,
His iſſue diſinherited ſhould be.
And for my name of George begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he.
Theſe as I learne and ſuch like toies as theſe,
Haue mooued his highneſſe to commit me now.
Glo. Why this it is when men are rulde by women,
Tis not the King that ſends you to the tower,
My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence tis ſhe,
That tempts him to this extremitie:
Was it not ſhe and that good man of worſhip Anthony

Anthony Wooduile her brother there,
That made him ſend Lord Haſtings to the tower,
From whence this preſent day he is deliuered?
We are not ſafe Clarence, we are not ſafe.
Cla. By heauen I thinke there is no man is ſecure
But the Queenes kindred and night-walking Heralds
That trudge betwixt the King and Miſtreſſe Shore.
Heard ye not what an humble ſuppliant
Lord Haſtings was to her for his deliuerie.
Glo. Humbly complaining to her deitie.
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie.
Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the king,
To be her men and weare her liuery.
The iealous oreworne widow and her ſelfe,
Since that our brother dubd them gentlewomen,
Are mightie goſſips in this monarchy.
Bro. I beſeech your Graces both to pardon me.
His Maieſtie hath ſtraightlie giuen in charge,
That no man ſhall haue priuate conference,
Of what degree ſoeuer with his brother.
Glo. Euen ſo and pleaſe your worſhip Brokenbury
You may partake of any thing we ſay:
We ſpeake no treaſon man, we ſay the King
Is wiſe and vertuous, and his noble Queene
Well ſtrooke in yeares, faire and not iealous.
We ſay that Shore's wife hath a pretie foote,
A cherry lippe, a bonny eye, a paſſing pleaſing tong,
And that the Queenes kindred are made gentlefolkes.
How ſay you ſir, can you denie all this?
Bro. With this (my Lord) my ſelfe haue naught.
Glo. Naught to do with Miſtreſſe Shore, I tell thee fellow
He that doth naught with her, excepting one
Were beſt he do it ſecretly alone.
Bro. What one my Lord?
Glo. Her husband knaue, wouldſt thou betray me?
Bro. I beſeech your Grace to pardon me, and withall
Your conference with the noble Duke.